

JULY.

THE

MANIFESTO.

PUBLISHED BY THE UNITED SOCIETIES.

VOL. XX.

"For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"—Matt. XVI., 26.

CANTERBURY, N. H.

1890.

THE MANIFESTO.

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The Manifesto.

VOL. XX.

JULY, 1890.

No. 7.

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH OF MT. LEBANON, N. Y. No. 13.

In 1806 blue coats and vests began to give place to the steel-mixed, and this latter was adopted as the uniform color. Among the reasons for discontinuing the "blue" was partly on account of the expense of the Indigo, and the labor of making the garments. Trowsers for winter use were made of woolen cloth or of serge. For summer, Sabbath uniform, the trowsers were of linen or checked cotton, blue and white. Garments for manual labor were generally of tow cloth.

Another radical change was made in 1810 when the gray was laid aside and the coats and vests were made of drab-colored cloth. The form of the coat was also changed quite essentially. The double folds of the skirt were set aside, and a single fold adopted. The front edge was cut more circling, and fell back at the bottom of the skirt, some four inches. The pocket lids of the coats and vests instead of being cut with two scallops and leaving a point in the center, were cut with a curve on the lower, parallel with the upper edge.

A collar of about one and one-half inches wide, was added to the coat. This was made upright. Over this was a cape that extended to the edge of the shoulder. All the buttons and button-holes were now omitted, and for the fastenings of the coat in front, two or three pairs of "hooks and eyes" were substituted.

The vests were cut shorter in front, and the skirts reduced to correspond more closely with the height of the person, which made the medium length about seven inches.

By adopting the use of suspenders a slight change was made in the form of the trowsers, which had been, to this date, so formed at the waist as to hold themselves in place without any other aid.

Shoe buckles were laid aside, and strings of leather or cloth were used instead.

For several years the trowsers for uniform on the Sabbath in summer were colored with nutgall, but in 1820 these gave place to garments made of cotton, striped blue and white.

In 1832, the drab vest, which had been largely in use since 1810, was partially displaced by the introduction of a fine blue. While this color was

generally used in the summer, the drab was retained for use in the winter. Blue seems to have been a favorite color for summer, and in 1854 they obtained a delicate, fine article of light blue, that was of foreign manufacture.

For winter use the blue was laid aside in 1840 and drab was established as the uniform color for vests, and continued to be used till 1854, when blue was again introduced.

From 1813 to 1840 the surtouts and great coats were made of drab-colored cloth, manufactured by the Society, then a finer quality of cloth was purchased and used till 1847 when a steel-mixed again was introduced.

THE FORM OF DRESS WORN BY WOMEN
AT THE DATE OF THE ORGANIZA-
TION OF THE SOCIETY.

Many persons wore short gowns with short sleeves. These were made of light-colored, striped cotton. The stripes went around the sleeves, but lengthwise on the body of the dress. The waist extended to the hips, while the dress reached a few inches below the knees. For more common use the short gowns reached only some eight or ten inches below the waist.

Over the dress in front, was worn a checked apron, about one and one half yards wide, cut circling at the top and gathered to about two feet in width. A white binding of an inch went across the upper edge which terminated in white tape-strings that were tied in front with a double bow. These aprons were an inch shorter than the dress or about two inches from the floor. Homespun linen was

largely used till the year 1800, when the Sisters learned to card and spin fine cotton, and were able to manufacture their own dresses, aprons and kerchiefs.

The extended dress, or dress worn under the short gown, was generally black and fell to within one inch of the floor. After several years the black was partially laid aside and garments of blue were introduced. In 1811, the long outer dresses were adopted for summer and winter use, by all classes.

Black silk shoulder kerchiefs were worn for many years, when they gave place to fine, white lawn or linen, that were manufactured in the Society. In 1818 drab colored silk neck kerchiefs were used. Subsequently, some very beautiful silk kerchiefs were made by the Believers in the western and southern states.

For winter use the dress reached quite to the floor. These were made with two box plaits in the rear part of the skirt, and from these single plaits, of one-half inch in width, extended to a line from under the arm, where they met the plaits from the front part of the dress. The waist of these dresses extended several inches below the natural waist, and ended in a point on the back. Under the dress was a bodice, agreeably to the prevailing custom. These were abandoned in 1811. The sleeves ended just below the elbow, and were supplemented by plaited cuffs.

Blue and white checked aprons were largely used and blue cotton neck kerchiefs; these last were finished with two or three white borders, about

three-eighths wide and one-half inch apart.

On the head the Sisters wore a fine lawn or linen cap. They were formed by plaiting and gathering, to adjust them to the head. These were trimmed in front with a border of open-work, one inch wide. Tape was passed through the back hem of the cap, and brought forward, then over the head, and return to terminate in a bow knot behind.

Muslin was used in the Society in 1806 and made into caps, and also into kerchiefs. Collars with a cape attached were worn in 1810, but previous to this date the neck kerchief only was used. Girls on accepting a head-dress have generally arranged the hair under a net woven for that purpose. The form of the caps changed quite essentially in 1819. A border in front of about three inches in width, made of leno, was attached to the cap and considered very beneficial.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



THE LAW OF COMPENSATION.

HAMILTON DE GRAW.

"THOUGH the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small."

THROUGHOUT the universe of mind and matter we see this law operating. Whatsoever communities or individuals sow, that they must reap. To be able to predict that if a man sow wheat he will reap wheat would not be considered wonderful; but to highly spiritualized minds the gift of prophecy or discernment is as plainly understood. The law of cause and effect comes in

operation, this law is so vast in extent of time when the whole race of man is considered that only the most prophetic minds are able to discern its unfoldment.

Witness the evolution of the race that was necessary before the one that we rejoice to call Mother could bring to the understanding of man a realization of the truth of her mission. But centuries before, prophetic souls peering into the future of the race as the astronomer is able to view the formation of worlds, declared, (in the coming time,) there would be a wonder in the earth, "a woman shall compass a man." The discordant elements in the human soul by their din have silenced for a time the ever present voice that is telling them that "not in the earthquake or thunder do we realize the highest unfolding of the spirit, but in the still small voice."

Up the hill of progression humanity is toiling, not by direct ascent, but by a circuitous route coming at times almost to the point of starting but a little higher. This accounts for the apparent retrogression of the race, but not so, the soul enshrouded in darkness is constantly striving for the light.

The dark ages when science in Europe was almost smothered by the false ideas of life that prevailed at the time, was a struggle of the races to reach a higher vantage ground. It was the earthquake and the thunder that appalled and fascinated; the voice of science was then heard but feebly, until out of the discordant elements there was evolved better conditions for its unfoldment. Witness the intense

activity that is displayed in all branches of material improvement; since the dawn of history such rapid strides have not taken place as in the last one hundred years. We are now commencing an era of spiritual unfoldment of the race, those illuminated souls that through prayer and labor laid the foundations of the spiritual temple firm and strong, and passed on to spirit life, are now compensated for their labors. They are still with us though unseen, ministering angels bearing the record of truth to souls who have left the decaying forms of lifeless theology, and are reaching out in prayer for power to live more acceptably to the holy spirit. We are not as a forlorn hope struggling against forces that are overcoming us, but as an "army with banners" we are marching on, with an assurance that truth will eventually triumph over error. We are thankful to be counted worthy to be one of the least of those who have given all, even their own life that they may inherit a home in the resurrection and prove to the world the superiority of that spiritual relationship where as Brothers and Sisters we can enjoy sweet and holy communion, enshrouded in peace, and where naught that defileth or maketh a lie can enter upon God's holy mountain.

Sonyea, N. Y.

PEACE.

PEACE, peace my soul,
'Tis only here I have command
[or stay;
But with the power myself to rule
I'm ruler every way.

M. Whitcher.

TO-DAY.

CECILIA DE VERE.

THERE'S a cloud on the restless earth to-day,
It is a cloud of war,
Through it may pierce no heavenly ray
Of sun, or moon, or star.
There's a weight on our weary earth to-day,
It is the weight of power;
Oppression hath a heavy sway,
And slaves beneath it cower.
There's smoke on our darkened earth to-day
From the bottomless pit of lust,
Where human loves and hopes decay,
And human treasures rust.
There's a fog on our miry earth to-day,
From the Antichristian fen
Where Priestcraft keeps the truth at bay,
And Christ is bound by men.
There's frost on our hardened earth to-day,
It is the frost of pride,
That holds the heart in error's way,
And chills its vital tide.
There's a blight on our fruitless earth to-day
It is the blight of sin,
The buds of promise fade away,
And die as they begin.
There's murder abroad in our land to-day,
In many a princely hall,
Where blasting, cursed infanticide
Prepares the mother's pall.
There are mingled sounds on earth to-day
Of Science and Reform,
Like waves that fret their rocky way,
They herald in the storm.
Alone is Zion bright to-day,
She gleams amid the gloom,
To her shall earth its tribute pay,
To her the Lord has come.
Far down beneath the elements
That curse the earth to-day,
The angel of repentance sent
With speed shall make his way.
Be joyful, sorrowing heart of man
Though still in nature's tomb,
There are but few more shadows
Before thy hope shall come.
Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

Think oft of your duty to God.

SERVE THE LORD.

D. C. BRAINARD.

THE Lord by his servant Joshua said :—

"And I have giv'n you a land for which ye did not labor, and cities which ye built not, and ye dwell in them; of the vineyards and oliveyards which ye planted not do ye eat.

Now therefore fear the Lord, and serve him in-sincerity and in truth, and put away the gods which your fathers served on the other side of the flood, and in Egypt; and serve ye the Lord. And if it seem evil unto you to serve the Lord, choose you this day whom ye will serve; whether the gods which your fathers served that were on the other side of the flood, or the gods of the Amorites, in whose land ye dwell; But as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord. Joshua, xxiv., 13.

The question arises, is not the above text literally true in this present day and generation, and does not history here repeat itself? There is a large number of us in the different families who were adopted in childhood by the Society, and many at mature age. Do we not occupy lands for which we did not labor? Do we not dwell in houses that we built not, and eat the fruit of vines that we planted not? and in taking upon us the apparel and name of Shaker do we not assume a character that is well known and accepted throughout the world as a synonym of honesty, justice and square dealing which personally we had not earned? these facts I think will be readily admitted.

Then there is certainly a great and heavy responsibility resting upon all, that we make a wise and judicious use

of those treasures which we have come into possession of, and only hold *in trust* for those who are to succeed us, that by no neglect or carelessness, we waste or criminally squander the heritage of the Lord, but be adding thereto. If by causing two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before, the race is benefitted, how much more to be commended are they who add to the consecrated inheritance, consecrated by the toils, labors and lives of those workers in the vineyard who have gone to their reward.

Yet of far greater importance it is that by no word, act or deed we in anywise lower the high standard of honesty and truth bequeathed to us by the lives and stern integrity of the founders of this Order.

Then I would say let no one be ashamed to don the uniform and earnestly accept the profession and life of a true Shaker. Jesus said, whosoever shall be ashamed of me and my words, of him also shall the son of man be ashamed, when he cometh in the glory of his Father with the holy angels.

We should at all times fear the Lord and serve him in sincerity and in truth, and put away the gods of this world, which are the lusts of the flesh and of the mind, which if any man love, the love of the Father is not in him.

Let every soul take heed and not wait halting between two opinions, but THIS DAY choose whom ye will serve, and may the choice of everyone be, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

♦♦♦

ANGER is its own avenger, inflicting the deepest wounds on the heart that harbors it.

—M. J. A.

WHITHER ARE WE DRIFTING?

MARINDA M. KENISTON.

THIS, to me, is one of the weighty questions of the day, as I note the method of holding the so-termed "Consecrated property of Believers," by the employing of so much help from the world. As I see it, this practice prevails to such an extent in some Societies, as to place the Brethren and Sisters in the minority. Only a few more years of this mode of management, and who will be the legal owners of this Consecrated Property? Echo answers, Who?

I cannot be reasoned into the belief that this is the right way to merit the prosperity and blessing that is promised those who forsake the earthly order and come into the spiritual relation of Brethren and Sisters in Christ's kingdom. Are not the Believers of the present day drifting away from the proper appropriation of the property that was consecrated and dedicated by the founders of our institution, designed to become the inheritance of those seeking to become the true followers of Christ and Mother Ann?

Some one has affirmed, and most truthfully too, I claim, that the more hired help a family or Society employ, the fewer will be the genuine Believers; and why not, if "Hands to work and hearts to God" is the cherished motto of the truly consecrated members of the virgin order? No thinking, reasoning mind can deny the assertion, that depending on hirelings to the extent that some of our Societies at the present time are doing, has a growing tendency to create indolence

on the part of the members, and with it a train of evils, which surely cannot aid in bringing out those qualities of mind which characterize the true Believer; or in other words, the genuine Shaker. Hence, arises the query, Whither are we drifting? Will some one reply?

Enfield, N. H.

"WRITE SOMETHING FOR ME."

Composed for, and read at the funeral of Sister Olive Walker.

GRACE H. BOWERS.

THESE are the words that seemed to sound in my ears when all else was hushed in the silence of night.

Could I refuse, and thus wound a spirit I so deeply loved? Her mortal lips were sealed in death; but her soul, triumphing over physical pain, rejoiced in a glad release.

For twenty years it has been, my privilege to be associated with our dear Sister, and I fully appreciate the virtues and excellencies of her beautiful character. A strong bond of love and friendship united us closely in spirit, and though the years of her earthly pilgrimage far outnumbered mine, still there has always existed a mutual feeling of sympathy, good-will and pleasant companionship.

Perhaps it would not be amiss to mention a little circumstance that took place about eighteen years ago, as an explanation of my especial regard for her. I was then a child, and my plastic mind readily received indelible impressions. There chanced to be quite a company of Sisters together, when some unpleasant occurrence

served to agitate the feelings; on the impulse of the moment she spoke hastily and unwisely. I took no notice of it as I was not especially concerned. Shortly after when I retired for the night, Sister Olive entered the room, and bending over me, whispered; "My dear child, I have come to tell you how very wrong it was for me to speak as I did this evening: I condemn it, and ask your forgiveness for so doing. I would not set you a bad example, and will be more guarded in the future." I cannot tell how many, many times that one act of self-condemnation has since recurred to my mind, always bringing with it a feeling of admiration and respect. Since that time I have always cherished a deep, undying love and affection for her; it also taught me a lesson for life, that my actions whether virtuous or evil—especially in the presence of children—had an influence either for good or harm, and I realized the responsibility resting upon me to guard well my words and ways, and strive always to impart the good that returns in blessing.

Shall we wait until the shroud and pall remind us of their departure ere we eulogize our friends? Commendation is sweet to the living, and spoken praise drops like a jewel in the heart's treasure-casket.

All knew her but to love and cherish her self-sacrifice, devotion, patience, humility and purity of heart; we prized and extolled her active and expansive goodness of life, and knew that even in her trial and suffering, her consideration of others, curbed every selfish desire and needless wish.

Two days before Sister Olive's demise I called to see her, and returned thanks for many kindnesses received, and spoke of the blessing her righteous example had been to me: It seemed like being in the presence of an angel.

When I am called to put off the mortal, I shall ask no greater boon, than to be ushered into the great and glorious beyond with as rightful a recommend as our dear Sister has to-day. Surely blessing follows the righteous, and peace is their everlasting inheritance.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

TRUE GREATNESS.

HELENA SABLE.

WHEN we read of Jesus and of his blessing for little children, of healing the sick, curing lepers, opening the eyes of the blind, making the deaf to hear, the lame to walk, the tongue of the dumb to speak, receiving sinners, and preaching the Gospel to the poor, we have a most beautiful picture of true greatness. The selfish man sees greatness only in high places, and he seeks high places as the way to greatness.* He has the idea that to be chief among his brethren, they must wait upon him; to be exalted he must be haughty and proud and look with scorn upon those who are just as good, but whose rank, of talent and natural acquirements place them below him in name, but who practice more rigid self-denial than their exalted brother.

But all this is clearly reversed in the kingdom of God. Here the prince is he who serves, the exalted, he who

humbles himself; the chiefest of all is the servant of all. Jesus said, "Whosoever will be great among you shall be your minister, and whosoever will be chiefest, shall be servant of all."

From the many lessons given by the humble Savior we find that he who wishes to be Christ-like, may always find occasion and opportunity to increase his humility; he can always find some one whom he can serve by a kind deed, a timely word or a sympathizing prayer, and in so doing he finds that humility leads to honor, and that service is the sure door to the throne of true greatness.

Canterbury, N. H.

TESTIMONIES.

PATIENCE CROUCH of Harvard, Mass., says, "I was fifteen years of age when I received faith in the testimony of Mother Ann and the Elders. The first time that I attended divine service with them at the Square House, I heard Father James say, You must love God with all your heart, might, mind and strength. At another time Mother Ann informed me that when she lived in the wilderness at Watervliet, she aided the Brethren all she could while they cleared the land. I gained a deep love for Mother, and yet I feared her, for she was filled with indignation against all evil, and I knew she could see me through and through."

Father James remarked:—
"No one will find fault with the way of God who is in it, while some will find fault and complain, who have never taken one step toward God."

In a discourse before the people he

said, "Never attempt to build up that which we have pulled down. You may build up the New Creation, but not the old creation." To those who were called to be laborers, he said, "Be careful and keep humble when you meet with that which is unpleasant. Labor to be governed by the spirit of Christ. Remember that unless you have the spirit of Christ, you cannot do them any good. Be what you seem to be, and seem to be what you really are;—do not carry two faces."

MONROE, LA., MAY. 1890.

HAMILTON DEGRAW,—BROTHER:—Your letter of 30th. of March received; also the leaflets or tracts. To me they were very interesting. I am searching for truth as I understand and can comprehend it. I subscribed for and received the MANIFESTO. I also sent and got the "Life of Mother Ann," "Shaker Covenant" and "Shaker Anthems and Hymns." I find much that is instructive in the "Covenant" and the life of Mother Ann is very interesting.

In searching for truths, especially for spiritual truths, one has to remove an immense amount of rubbish to get a few grains of truth. Like digging for gold, much has to be cast aside to get the precious metal, which always retains its lustre, let it be found wherever it may.

You speak of sending some Tracts and copies of the MANIFESTO to those whom I would recommend to read them. Alas, my brother, I cannot name one of my acquaintances that I could say would profit by them, or

subscribe for the MANIFESTO. Some might look into them and read a few lines, and then would only laugh or ridicule, as Monroe, La., is what I call a church and priest-ridden community, the Catholic Church predominating in this town. It has a population of some twenty-five hundred souls. The white people have six churches and the colored people have six; and all these are within a radius of seven-eighths of a mile from the place where I am writing this letter.

Brother Hamilton, I am no longer young. Years are passing over my head and old father Time has been touching my hair with silvery tints, which is a sign to me, that I must be preparing to return to the power that sent me, and meet the deeds that were done while in the body. My acts are the messengers which have gone before to meet me. My prayer is that good and wise intelligences may ever be with me to guide me in all my walks of life. I wish to do all the good I can as I pass along on life's highway, as I have assurance only of the present. I cannot prevent the effect of the wrongs of yesterday and can only take care of to-day.

Brother, distance lends enchantment; that good place we wish to reach is always in the distance. I was born in Westmoreland Co., Pa., and have crossed the continent two and one half times. When I have left places to get rid of disadvantages, others have met me in the new place, and my condition has often been made worse. My present opinion is this: that the good place is where we are contented, having a good degree of

health and enough of this world's goods to supply our daily wants. If life is spared, I intend to leave Louisiana and go farther north. As to the disadvantages of the southern country, their name is legion. One has to be here, to see and to realize them. I close, wishing you well.

Fraternally yours,

JOSIAH STAHL.

TIME.

MARIA WITHAM.

How swiftly flies the wheel of time,
How rapidly it whirls a change of clime,
Successive seasons in their course appear,
But go, before we hardly know they're here.
The summer fled and autumn soon was gone,
And rigid winter now comes rushing on,
His loud, rude blasts now sweep from shore
to shore,

And hail us with their wild, unwelcome roar.
The warring elements seem all at strife,
To banish comfort from the stage of life;
A mantle cold enwraps both hill and plain,
And one vast scene of desolation reigns.
The fleeting seasons in their rapid course,
Conviction pour with unremitting force.
They seem a mirror in which I trace,
How short this life, this sublunary space.
Then to the youth I say, learn to be wise;
Improve each moment as it passing flies;
To labor now while it is said To-day,
The chance to-morrow may have passed away.

Enfield, Conn.

THE YEAR ONE THOUSAND.

MARTHA J. ANDERSON.

"It was believed in the middle ages that the world would come to an end at the expiration of one thousand years of the Christian Era. This expectation in Christian countries was universal."

Oh age of darkness and of blind belief,
When anxious millions waited in suspense
To see destruction's flaming sword unsheath,
The awful mysteries of Providence.

All things terrestrial cringed and swayed
Within the balance of his just decree,
The Almighty flat could not be delayed,
Its consummation all would quickly see.

The Lord of hosts would in the heavens appear,
To judge the living and to raise the dead,

The myriad throng of all the ages hear,
Their doom by the recording angel read.

A fearful apprehension seized the mind;
The hours were numbered, and as criminals wait
The final moment unto death assigned,
Souls seemed transfixed in horror of their fate.

When came the last day of the triple mines,
The madness had attained its dizzy height,
Imagination drew her sable lines
Across the gleaming brow of morning bright.

Palsied the arm of toil in busy marts,
Deserted all the market places stood,
Farm, field, and home of loving kindred hearts

Were voiceless as the lonely solitude.

No social meal was spread, no lighted fires,
On household hearth gave out their cheerful glow,

No gleam of hope the weary watch inspires,
Or lights with joy the somber shades of woe.

With faces blanched men met, nor even spoke
Their hearts were chilled and warped with doubt and pain,

An answering stare each others eyes invoke,
The import terrible to them was plain.

Stillness profound enwrapped all things, save when

In churches met a grave and cheerless throng,
Where every aisle and transept echoed prayer,

Or caught the notes of penitential song.

Those who had never sought Religion's shrine

Fled to her courts as to a citadel,
And with the faithful asked for aid divine,
Their keen remorse and terror to dispel.

That day and night—on watchfulness intent—
No eye was closed, but all the vigil kept,
Each knee in humble supplication was bent,
Entreatingly by turns men prayed and wept.

No clocks were found in tower, or house or halls,
But burning tapers marked the hour's round,
And held suspended little metal balls
Which fell at intervals with solemn sound.
Dread fear intensified, each moment hath
When a brief space of time remains between
Life's certain end and God's impending wrath
That draws the curtain on each earthly scene.

* * * * *
But mercy is the Lord's; revenge and hate
Are the crude offspring of untutored minds,
God rules by law, the schemes of chance and fate

The progress of his truth can never bind.

Lo! in the east the beams of morning broke,
And on the pallid watchers shed their light,
A newborn century in glory woke,
And superstition vanished with the night.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

BENJAMIN H. SMITH.

We have just sung, "Grain by grain the treasure's won." Now a grain is a very small affair; but life is made up of small things. The man who goes through life constantly saving in little ways finally possesses considerable property. It is constancy, that ensures success and the want of it brings failure.

If we attempt to cultivate a field, and hoe one day and then rest off a while the weeds get the better of us. We shall all find the same experience spiritually. We must keep at the work of gaining a little every day. "Grain by grain" may be a very slow process but if the grains are of gold a man would find himself rich who had patiently accumulated them; and the Christian meets the same result.

Canterbury, N. H.

[The above was spoken in our Sunday service.]

WHAT IS CHRISTIANITY?

IDA A. THOMAS.

TRUE christianity is self-denial. What is self-denial? It is the denying one's self of all those things that are self-pleasing to the natural man or woman. Christianity combines all virtue and all virtue springs from self-denial. All are prone to err, yet by daily striving to overcome the evil of our nature we are gaining, be it ever so little at a time, control of the lower nature. No human being was ever born into the world perfect, as we all inherit that same nature, some under more favorable circumstances than others, still the same nature controls all. Then it remains with each individual especially those with enlightened minds, those that have felt and proved the goodness of God, to make themselves fit receptacles for true Christian virtue by subduing the natural will and being governed and guided by God's holy law. Truly we have not the right to our own personality for that belongs to God, unless in consecration we yield in obedience to his laws. Are we not dependent on our Maker for our very existence? Man could not make a spear of grass or a grain of corn grow without the goodness of God, and we would not know how to appreciate his goodness if we were not endowed with intelligence which gives us the understanding of these things. God indeed is great and mighty, his blessings are bestowed on all humanity.

Think of the liberality, the justness and the mighty power of his understanding. God's ways are the ways of wisdom. But you say we never see God. But oh! how often are we in his presence and little do we know or feel the power of his mighty judgment. Only as we knowingly and understandingly come before Him at the throne of grace and lay the burden of our souls before Him, can we feel the great power of his love. Seemingly in a worldly sense God is forgotten in our prosperity and we stop not to consider whence cometh all these blessings. But it is in affliction's dark hour that our sense is turned to God in prayer for deliverance. It is then God directs and points the way saying, "all ye that are weary and heavy laden come unto me and I

will bring peace and rest to your souls." In affliction God is with us as in prosperity, we are made to feel it if we draw nigh unto Him in prayer for He is our surest and truest friend.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

MY CLAIM.

AGNES E. NEWTON.

At earthly shrine I cannot bow,
My trust it is not there;
For I have felt the love of God
And found an altar where,
His spirit meets the needy soul
And clothes anew with power,
To overcome the world of sin
And nearer brings the hour,
When I may say, I truly live
For Christ has full control;

The tempter comes and findeth naught,
And life's rough billows roll.
But sweet the spirits inmost calm
Where rest in God is found;
The soul is by still waters led
And pastures green abound.
This is the goal for which I seek
The height I would attain;
So at the shrine of truth I bow
And urge no foreign claim.
Canterbury, N. H.

OUR SHAKER CHURCH.

SOPHIA WAYNE.

A CENTURY has scarcely passed,
Since on fair Lebanon,
Our Church arose. Yet in that time,
What glorious work it's done,
From a few faithful followers,
Who chose their path aright,
It numbers now its thousands,
Who receive its Spirit light.

For many souls have joined our band,
To learn the true salvation,
And hold the faith that's built upon
The rock of revelation.
And it will stand from age to age,
Its mission to fulfill,

And shed abroad its beacon light,
From Lebanon's fair hill.
Church of our faith! tho' far away,
Fond memory recalls
How I have with thy converts sat
Within thy hallowed walls
And heard them teach a glorious faith,
By spirit influence given,
To guide us in the better way,
And point our course to heaven.
Our Zion Church, far, far abroad,
Thy blessed light doth shine,
To guide the stranger on the way,
To hear the truth divine.
O may I always hold the faith,
I now depend upon,
And praise the One that guided me
To glorious Lebanon.
Ballston, N. Y.

TRIFLES.

JESSIE EVANS.

"How particular you are! that is only a trifle," was the closing remark of a thoughtless youth, in answer to a gentle reminder that she had carelessly repeated a message, misstating the time and thus causing an hour's delay in the appointment of a very important conference. A trifle!—so it was in the common acceptance of the term, and the tiny words pass flippantly from lip to lip. Let us pause a moment and define the term. A trifle may be considered one of the unequal parts into which life indirectly may be divided. As the seashore is but an accumulation of grains, so life is a vast multitude of trifles. A slight exaggeration in conversation is but a trifling matter, an unkind word is easily uttered, yet the effect is by no means slight, for "in the Divine Economy nothing is lost." The tongue

which "cannot be tamed" in the minutiae of life is unfit for the service of God. The value of seeming trifles rests with the Creator of time; our duty is to improve them as though each were the last. The contribution of a tiny coral polyp is but a speck beneath the deep waters. Slowly, yet surely, the additions are made, until the beautiful atolls and reefs, the wonder of the southern seas, rise to view. So it is in our experiences. Life is but the multiplication of one moment and character, the accumulation of good or evil to which the moments give birth. How often we read and sorrow over the railway accidents and fires which occasion so fearful a loss of life and property. We enquire the cause. A lighted match inadvertently thrown down, or one person away from his post of duty, we are told. Mere trifles in themselves,—yet hundreds of lives pass from our midst in consequence. Applicable and true are the words of St. James, "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth." "The whole is equal to the sum of all its parts," is an axiom well proved. The individual who is true in the trifles of life, is true in the ultimate, and "he who is unfaithful in the least is unfaithful also in much."

Canterbury, N. H.

*In Remembrance of
ELDRESS HARRIET STORER.*

AVERILL COBLEY.

THE morning dawned, we awoke to find
That death in the absence of light,
Had taken a dear one while we slumbered
and slept,

He dared but venture as a thief in the night.
 Death! what is it we feel when speaking of
 this?
 We shudder with something akin to dread,
 We need not, just look at our Mother
 She sleepeth; is surely not dead.
 Dead! Ah nay, her spirit has flown to heav-
 en's own clime,
 Where her friends and companions have gone,
 Who rejoice now to meet this one of their
 own
 With welcome's kind greeting in song.
 Our loved one who has crossed the dark riv-
 er of death
 Has long in the heat of the day,
 borne a burden of care in all phases of life
 Unflinching in duty alway.
 The portals of heaven are now opened wide,
 Her entrance is hailed with great joy,
 The mansion she's labored so long to prepare
 The troubles of earth can never destroy.
 She couldn't quite say "not my will righteous
 God"
 But thine to a fulness be done,
 For she loved life; asked just a little more
 time
 Still, she knew that her hour must soon come.
 We feel she will often return unto us
 With blessings from heaven's own shrine,
 Hence bow in submission to God's righteous
 will
 And feed on those treasures divine. [part
 Although it is hard with our loved ones to
 Still their lives consecrated we view,
 As emblems of purity, faith, hope and trust,
 They are patterns of godliness true. [time
 The youth may this guide safely follow in
 And on yonder bright shore they will find,
 A substance enduring for every toil,
 If unto Christ's yoke they're resigned.
 Hark! I almost can hear the heavenly band
 Their welcome in triumph resound,
 While they banish with gladness every fear
 With comfort and cheer they surround.
 We leave thee dear Sister with blessing and
 trust
 That your future on yonder shore be
 A life one of gladness of hope love and joy,
 To a fulness we ask this for thee.
 Now shall we adieu to our dear one repeat?
 While death and the grave claim their own,
 A sheaf fully ripened the Angels receive
 As they welcome the traveler home.
Enfield, Conn.

Sanitary.

HYGIENE OF CARPETS.

CARPETS are commonly made to cover the entire floor of rooms. This cannot be too much deprecated. Carpets, like curtains, are mere dirt-traps, which become loaded with filth of every description. This is abundantly proved when a carpet is swept, and the dust allowed to settle on all the articles in the room. Such dust, if examined, will be found to consist of dried mud, chiefly granite or wood, but also containing every description of vegetable and animal impurities. When raised by walking about a room, it is a common cause of "colds" and bronchitis. In addition, as it consists largely of organic matter, it produces a close smell, and contaminates the entering air.

The substitution of a central carpet for one covering the entire floor, is a great improvement, the floor around the carpet being covered with parquet veneering; or, if the expense of this be too great, the whole floor may be painted with four good coats of dark oil paint, and varnished, the joints of the boards having first been made secure. The carpet should be easily removable, in order that it and the floor may be thoroughly cleansed at intervals. Rugs will be found even better, since they may be taken up and shaken every day, if necessary.

In bedrooms, the less carpet the better. Good Chinese or Indian matting is strongly recommended instead, as it does not retain the dust and other impurities which become fixed in the woolly texture of a carpet.—*Good Health.*

A LITTLE kerosene poured into the heart of a burdock or thistle, will give it a blight, from which it cannot recover. I have seen a square rod of burdocks destroyed in this way without injuring the greensward on which they grew.—*Lily Lupin.*

In all thy intercourse be chaste, nor let thy soul's pure chalice ever be polluted with sin.
 —M. J. A.

THE MANIFESTO.
JULY, 1890.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION.

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Editorial.

THE followers of Jesus can do no better than to learn of him who has said, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and I will give you rest." His life work among men is well defined and his words are simple and easy to be understood. No better foundation for "peace on earth" can be laid than was enunciated by him, in his sermon on the mount. "Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness."

Those who study, anxiously, to do right toward all men, need have little fear of being left without a sure guide, or the solace of the divine comforter. The extremely slow progress that has been made in es-

tablishing the Christian principles on the earth, leads us to this conclusion;—that the millennial age, when the kingdoms of this world are to become the kingdoms of our Lord, may be placed, very safely, in the far distant future. On this point the Christianity of the churches, instead of representing the "sun of righteousness" in whose light all may walk on toward God and be saved, rather invites its hearers into a labyrinth which ultimately leads them to a theological mystery.

Jesus very plainly taught the principles which led to a Christian community, and then entered into the practical workings of the order with those who became his disciples. Other religious teachers had faintly anticipated the same form of society, and in harmony with the light with which God had illumined their souls, worked for the good of humanity. A remarkable instance of this will be found in the march of the Israelites from Egypt to the land of Canaan. It is certainly one of the wonders of the age, and doubly so as it occurred at such an early period of the history of man,

The call that was extended to the twelve who accompanied Jesus on his mission, is fully illustrated in the remarks he made concerning himself.—"The son of man hath not where to lay his head." He had no selfish home, nor any property with which to buy one. His little, wandering company of twelve persons was the

first living Christian community that had ever been established. To encourage his hearers to enter into this community, this kingdom of God among men, he promised them an hundred fold of earthly gifts, and an assurance in the world to come of eternal life.

There is also a corresponding force in the life of Peter as he remarks,—“Behold we have left all to follow thee,” and although the promise is still based on the acceptance of this word, “Except a man forsake all that he hath he cannot be my disciple,” modern Christianity passes lightly over it, and rests satisfied among the letters to the Corinthians.

In the work which inspires the brotherhood of man, we find more or less, the direct influence of the life of Jesus as the Son of God. He accepted the growing light among men which had been increasing for four thousand years, and clothing it with a more exalted inspiration, it became most emphatically, the voice of God, through his beloved Son. It was not only a system of religious belief but it embodied the beautiful principle of goodness, which must be diffused in the world. The sons of Adam would become the sons of God, and this new creation, the resurrection order, would include all who chose to follow Christ in the regeneration.

It is singular that many of the orders of Christians and socialists

and communists, assuming to be the followers of Jesus, still hold with great tenacity to the selfish, generative order, which includes the whole of a worldly life. Generation belongs wholly to the children of this world, but regeneration is the doctrine of Jesus. The cultivation of the “vine of the earth,” the relations of the private family, is God’s work in the natural order, while the “true vine” the family of Christ, is God’s work in the spiritual order. Christian socialism may harmonize with the former plan, but Christian communism must find its relation with the latter. “Not where to lay his head” is as potent now as it was in the primitive church. If all is dedicated to God, stewards only can take charge of the Lord’s goods, and although in this relation they may possess an abundance of the blessings of this life, they can have no personal, selfish claim on that which has been devoted to the church.

THE BIBLE IN THE SCHOOLS.

A RECENT decision of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin declares the reading of the Bible in the public schools to be unconstitutional. The Court says the place where the Bible is read is a place of worship, and that as tax payers are compelled to erect and support school-houses, and the children are, under the law, compelled to attend public or private schools, the constitutional clauses forbid us to use school-houses as places of worship.—*Boston Journal*.

Everything great is composed of an assemblage of small particle

NOTES ABOUT HOME.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

South Family.

June 4, 1890.

DEAR EDITOR:—Almost an unheard-of thing happened last Sabbath afternoon.

It was a beautiful day, and four lovely people from the North Family came to the Sunny South to have a visit. Elder Frederick Evans our dear father whom we love, and Br. Daniel Offord whom we respect, Eldress Anna White whom we all admire, and no less our precious Sister Martha Anderson. Do you not think we were highly honored? We wanted Elder Frederick's autograph. He wrote this original verse,

Like a candle almost out,
Or a person in a doubt,
Flickering, burning very low,
Studying, shall I stay or go.

Right here we must say that the oldest Sister of Mt. Lebanon who has been quite bright all winter, has during the past week been sick, and at the age of ninety-two has passed over the river. She came to Mt. Lebanon while young, of her own free-will, and has from infancy lived a divinely pure life. We have a good Samaritan here by name Sister Louisa Rice, and who during forty years has patiently cared for the infirm, the sick and the dying; "Glory to the righteous, who can know their worth?"

S. A. C.

North Family.

June 12, 1890.

On the 8th. our Society Meetings were opened. I did not number the people, but there was a large assembly.

Farm and garden operations have been put rather behind, on account of the weather. Rain, weeds and worms, with winged insects are far too prolific. I never saw the tent caterpillars so numerous on the fruit and forest trees as they have been this spring. Many trees have been entirely stripped of all foliage. We need the God of Israel to come among us, and teach us how and what to do, to be saved from the curse of worms, flies and bugs.

Israel of old was, according to the Scriptural record entirely saved from this curse,

when obedient. Where is the wise man, spirit or God, that will tell us just what to do to be saved.

On the 9th. Elder Frederick completed his eighty-second year, sixty of which have been spent among Believers.

A company of five, one Brother and four Sisters are busily preparing for a visit to all the Eastern Societies. Glorious are the anticipations, but as nothing to the realization. They start in the forepart of July.

Peace and joy to all.

Daniel Offord.

Center Family.

June 14, 1890.

DEAR ELDER HENRY:—Last Wednesday night we had a terrific wind-storm doing considerable damage in the gardens breaking down beans, tomatoes and corn and stripping off cherries so the ground was quite covered with them, they were rather scarce before the storm, but much more so now.

Our prospect for pears and plums is very slim indeed this season, yet we are buoyed up with the hope of having enough of other fruits to make us comfortable.

The Sisters have just about finished spring's cleaning, there are so many buildings to be cared for it comes quite hard on them. Brethren have done a little painting inside the dwelling on the bath room and Vestibule on east side of house.

I have had considerable difficulty this season with Hubbard Squash seed, in getting it to grow, something destroys it in the ground and that little pest the mole has made me much work in the hot-bed by rooting under the plants. But with all these drawbacks, we have enough to be thankful for; a good degree of health and a fair share of prosperity in temporal things. Your Brother,

T. R.

Enfield, Conn.

We must not try to live without labor. If necessity does not quicken the energies, we must work as a matter of principle, for mental, physical and spiritual activity is essential to the perfect development of human character.

If any one were asked what is the great curse of the farm, he would be apt to say,

weeds. They give us an endless fight. No half way work. Weeds can be raised cheaper than most crops, because they will bear more neglect. But they don't pay in the end. They are the little vices that beset plant life, and are to be got rid of the best way we know how. It is cheaper to nip them in the bud than to pull them up root and branch. Here is where brain work comes in.

Our experiment with Japanese buckwheat last year was a success. The kernels are more than twice the size of our common variety, and black. The stalks grow large and vigorous. It is well worth cultivating. Try it.

Hens that are spare and leggy, are said to be the best for layers. We should study to obtain large eggs, not forgetting quantity, and well grown fowls. The best quality pays best and costs no more to produce.

D. Orcutt.

Enfield, N. H.

"TIME hangeth not heavy with the industrious, while to the slothful and indolent, it proves a weight."

THESE truthful lines were brought to memory, as we discovered that the proper time for June Notes (which by the way should have been demi semi quavers to accord with the tuneful notes of the birds during that month) had passed into oblivion, all too soon; so we resolved to be on the alert, in the future, deeming the few simple words we contribute, to be one of the many ways in which we may give others satisfaction, judging from our own pleasure in reading the interesting Notes from the several localities.

The lovely month of June, with us, has been almost constantly in tears, grass and foliage is luxuriant, but gardens, we fear, are having an excess of moisture.

The sun, whose glorious rays dispense health and happiness, has grown of late, too modest, only showing himself at intervals, so brief are these manifestations, that vegetation and humans also, need a protracted sun-bath.

Our South Family, which has for the past year, been awaiting sale, under the auspices of a Boston Syndicate, is now released from these bonds. We are glad to have this prop-

erty, so near the Center Family, under the direct control of the Society, glad also, that the elderly members of the family, who have consecrated their time and energies to its maintenance, may yet longer make it their earthly, therefore temporary home, for to some of them we know,—"The Pearly Gates" must be opening, on yonder shore. There a permanent abode awaits them, where parting is no more.

We send greetings of welcome to the different companies, whom we are expecting to entertain as guests, during the coming summer if the Lord is willing. We have naught to boast of, concerning the things of this world but will promise you a season of real satisfaction and profit, if willing hands and loving hearts can accomplish this end. We shall remember those also who remain at home, and wish for them health and happiness.

E. B.

Groveland, N. Y.

June 5, 1890.

THE passing away of the past month notifies us that it is time to perfect our Home Notes for the edification of the July readers. For readers will read in the month of July, With the same zeal they read in months gone by. But what shall the combination be? As we commence our note-making,

 We wait and wonder and oft repeat,
 What will they prove when all complete?
 Yet we must work for only too soon
 Will come the hour marked, high noon.

While these notes are formulating we are mindful of our Editor and his Honorable Staff who are laboring in the interest of a noble cause.

 So we'll pause in the days occupation
 Hoping to give a pleasing donation
 Of notes that will pleasure impart.
 The reader may read, the singer may sing,
 And unto each one we trust they will bring
 Such notes as delighteth the heart.

The music of which shall waft to the audience a fulness of that wonderful song, "Peace on earth, good will to man," prophetically sung by an angel choir in the wonderful long ago. Very reluctantly we said good-bye to merry-making May, as the night winds floated back its final farewell. The many profitable lessons we learned during our sojourn with sunny May will not be forgotten. The

sowing and planting season has been unusually extended, owing to the incessant rain-storms which have prevailed here and everywhere; storms of the most diverse quality and tone. Storms consisting of long rain, short rain, windy rain, mild rain, sunny rain, rainbow rain, dashing rain, dripping rain, and hail, all hail, rain! Each day farmers are busy beyond measure; forenoons they are hurrying and worrying their crops out at interest, and afternoons they may be seen doing the same. All crops planted and sown during the Spring have grown rapidly, and are springing admirably night and day, much to the satisfaction of the ambitious farmers, whose anticipations of the would-be high and lofty type are occasionally lowered at half-mast only to rise with the rising of prosperous results, which we are daily witnessing as the season advances. Summer came this way in all the beauty of loveliness. A clear sky with balmy and healthful air, birds of brightest hue and reviving tunes are rendezvousing throughout our grove-like yards,

And announcing life in all their songs,
Melodiously rich and rare;
Reminding us of that fadless land
With music they're making in air.
Our home is daily delightful,
Surrounded with flowers and trees;
While ever our ears they are greeted
By the hum of the honey-bees.
The robins build nests in the tree-tops,
And chirp on the broad branches tall;
While mosquitoes they sing overhead
And grasshoppers dance on the wall.
Romantic indeed is our home-life,
With a mingling just now and then
Of inmates from all ages ranging,—
From eighty away below ten.
Our gardens and yards are resounding,
Resounding with laughter and glee;
For many have learned the grand adage
That laughter is healthful, you see,
That laughter restores life and vigor,
Brings fortune and happiness near:
That laughter is good for the body
And the mind it fills with real cheer.
Then smile for all nature is smiling,
Through clouds and through sunshine and rain,
Repeating the same lesson daily,
In laughter there's surely much gain.

Our mutual friend and brother Michael A. Shutz, A. B. native of Odessa, Russia, at present of the Danville Sanitorium was our honored guest during one of the sunny Sun-

days of May last. He attended our morning service and delivered an interesting speech on "Community Life" and the "Brotherhood of man." He is contemplating writing his history, which will contain his experience in Russia and America. His is an experience filled with thrilling and adventurous scenes. The work when completed will read like a charming romance. All interested in the cause of humanity, should procure a copy of this most wonderful work, written by one whose life is devoted wholly,

"For the cause that needs assistance,
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good he aims to do." G. D. G.

White Water, O.

North Family.

We have been doing considerable fixing up at this family this spring and I suppose it will interest all good Believers to know what the different Societies are doing. We painted buildings of the Church, the upper and lower halls, the dining-room and kitchen, also the fence by the highway. We had a very nice shower just in time to help our crops, which look well in this section of the country. Two Sisters from Mt. Lebanon and a Brother and Sister from Union Village are visiting us at present. I hope they enjoy a nice time. We enjoyed a very nice time with them. We do our own painting here, indeed, I do that myself. We also had rods attached to the dwelling, the church, the Sisters' brick shop, the cow-barn and to the milk-house. H. W. Fredrick.

South Union, Ky.

BELOVED ELDER HENRY:—But little transpired here the past month worthy of notice.

Sheep-sheering day,
Was first of May,
since which time 600 have been changed
from winter to summer dress. Average
fleece about 6 to 7 lbs. worth .28 per lb.

Some 200 lambs sold at \$3 50 per. head,—
future delivery.

Gardens late but looking well, peas about a foot high with sticks in rows for climbing. Other things as usual; Strawberries very late; have had them on table here on my birthday, April 28th; will do well to get

them on the 28th. of May this year. Have an eighteen inch Lawn Mower to keep weeds and grass down in meeting-house lot and dooryard, just one acre including buildings and evergreens. The mower is more fatiguing than the scythe, but much nicer. Wish you could see Ministry's yard now, you would be delighted.

H. L. E.

The Bible Class.

ANSWERS to Bible Question, No. 8, published in June MANIFESTO.

Which of the virtues named in the Beatitudes is a quotation from Psalms?

Number of writers from Canterbury, N. H., 20; Mt. Lebanon, N. Y., 15; Enfield, N. H., 6; and Alfred, Me., 1:

To select the eleventh verse of the thirty-seventh Psalm was the only answer to be given.

BIBLE QUESTION. No. 9.

Name a verse in the writings of Paul, which in times of trial and temptation, would be an anchor of hope?

Juvenile.

Text: Watch and pray lest ye enter into temptation. Mark. xvi., 38.

We have need to watch very carefully. When we are tempted to do that which is wrong we can pray to God for aid, and if our prayer is sincere He will be sure to give it to us. Sometimes when we have done wrong a great many times, we feel as if we would not try to do right any more. But it is because we have not been prayerful and watchful enough. If we set a careful watch upon our motives our Heavenly Father will give us strength to do right. So let us all continue watching every day lest our feet stray into wrong paths, and pray for that grace which cometh down from on high to strengthen our efforts for the right.

SADIE MILLER.

Hancock, Mass.

Mt. Lebanon, June 13, 1890.

BELOVED ELDER HENRY:—I enclose a letter which will explain itself, pretty well.

Benjamin Sones and a son thirteen years old are on their way here from Lewiscroft, Suffolk Co., England. While on the steamer, the boy wrote his address Mt. Lebanon, Columbia Co., N. Y. U. S. A., and putting it in a bottle, cast it overboard on the 6th. of May. The bottle was found on the 27th. of May at Montauk, L. I., thus showing the course of the ocean current, and how rapid it runs.

Such simple facts are valuable as scientific data to philosophers.

In love,

F. W. EVANS.

MONTAUK, L. I. MAY 27, 1890.

ERNEST SONES,

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

SIR:—A bottle has been found by me at Montauk Point, L. I., containing your address, and asking the one who finds it to write to you and let you know of it. The bottle was set afloat on May 10., and it landed on the 27th, at Montauk, about six miles west of the lighthouse.

Would like to hear from you.

Yours,

FREEMAN DOUGLASS,

Amagansett P. O.

Montauk, L. I.

N. Y.

The vessel was fourteen days out from London. All hands well. We passed twenty-four icebergs off the Grand Banks of Newfoundland.

E. SONES.

PROGRESS.

ELSIE YORK.

HISTORY, both sacred and profane, furnishes many valuable lessons to the thoughtful student of human nature. Especially interesting are the lives of some of the noted men of Israel, leaders among God's chosen people. What a contrast between the first king of the Israelites and the prophet who anointed him to his high office.

In Samuel's career, we have an example of a thoroughly good life; always obedient to the voice of God, he was, consequently, true and upright in his dealings with the people under his immediate care.

In Saul's case how different. While in obscure circumstances a good and unassuming man, he became, when raised to the high office of king, haughty and rebellious. We can plainly see that in starting wrong by disobeying God, he cast a blight over his future life. Had he repented and honestly acknowledged his error, he would have found a merciful, as well as a just God; but to the sin of disobedience he added that of deception, gaining nothing thereby, but losing the greatest blessing, the favor of God.

It would profit us little to know the errors of Saul's life if we did not realize the lessons to be learned from them. Much is said and written about the progress that has been made since those days, but it is evident that human nature remains very much the same with all our present enlightenment. Even a child could comprehend the mistakes of Saul.

Disobedience, deceitfulness and jealousy are only a few of the evils that mar the lives of many in this day; but with the light of the gospel of Christ, which grows brighter as the years roll on, and the knowledge that "the wages of sin is death," let us find true progress in the subjection of all evil, cultivating rather, the virtues and graces of the Christian life.

Canterbury, N. H.

AMERICAN WOMEN RECEIVING PATENTS.

THE steady march of women to the front, as inventors, continues. The columns of the *INVENTIVE AGE* has contained illustrations of a number of really valuable devices, that have been patented. Among these we mention the Therapeutic Bottle by Emeline C. Post: An Adjustable Rolling-pin by Liddle Curtis; The Sewing Cabinet by Julia A. McGlohn: The Cloak and Skirt Supporter by M. E. Ambery: The Hospital Bedstead Attachment by Caroline Drake and The Meat Broiler by Annie Caller.

Mrs. Gen. Green gave Eli Whitney the

idea of the Cotton-gin, and he had to be pushed hard enough to confess that fact publicly.

Ten thousand women are now engaged in Massachusetts in making straw bonnets. Betsey Metcalf of Providence, R. I. in 1789 invented the first one. It was Elizabeth Buckley who invented the first Sheet-iron Shovel, and Sarah Mather invented the first Submarine Telescope and Lamp, the model of which is of surprizing beauty and may be seen at the Patent Office.

Isabella Cunis an Italian girl was the first to produce engravings from wood, and a French lady gave to the world the manikins which do so much for dress-making. Mary J. Montgomery of N. Y., patented an improvement on locomotive wheels and has invented other devices out of which she has made considerable money. Mary Kies was the first woman in whose name a patent was recorded in the Patent Office. It was for weaving straw with silk or thread. The Dietz Sisters of Cal., have invented a Cyclone Snow-plow, which sends the snow in great white waves to each side of the tracks. In the past seventy-five years the Patent Office has granted about four thousand patents to women.—*The Inventive Age.*

♦♦♦

MANY persons find it difficult to believe that a miracle ever took place. Science insists upon it that the universe is governed by unchanging and unchangeable laws. The Scriptures are rejected by some because of the miraculous element in them. It should be borne in mind that the grandest miracles recorded in the Scriptures are the miracles of life regenerated and ennobled by the gospel and by the spirit of God. DR QUINCY has well said that no exhibition of blank power—not the arresting of the earth's motion—not the calling of the dead back to life, can approach in grandeur to this miracle which we daily behold, namely, the inconceivable mystery of having written and sculptured upon the tablets of man's heart a new code of moral distinctions, all modifying—many reversing—the old ones. What could have been thought of any prophet, if he should have promised to transfigure the

celestial mechanics; if he had said, I will create a new pole star, a new Zodiac, and new laws of gravitation; briefly, I will make a new earth and new heavens? And yet a thousand times more awful was it to undertake the writing of new laws upon the spiritual conscience of man. The Prophet of the Lord said, Instead of the thorn, shall come up the fir-tree; instead of the brier, shall come up the myrtle-tree. This is the everlasting sign or miracle, which shall never be cut off. If all admit, as all must admit, that the gospel of Jesus Christ changes men in heart, in thought, and in character, we must not stumble over the account of the stilling of the tempest, or of the cleansing of the leper, or even of the raising of the dead. The greater includes the less.—*Selected.*

A SWARM OF BEES WORTH HIVING.

B patient, B prayerful, B humble, B mild, B wise as a Solon, B meek as a child; B studious, B thoughtful, B loving, B kind: B sure you make matter subservient to mind: B cautious, B prudent, B trustful, B true, B courteous to all men, B friendly with few. B temperate in argument, pleasure, and wine, B careful of conduct, of money, of time. B cheerful, B grateful, B hopeful, B firm, B peaceful, benevolent, willing to learn; B courageous, B gentle, B liberal, B just, B aspiring, B humble, *because* thou art dust; B penitent, circumspect, sound in the faith, B active, devoted; B faithful till death. B honest, B holy, transparent and pure; B dependent, B Christ-like, and you'll be secure.—*The Magnet.*

[Contributed by M. Witham.]
ECONOMY.

ECONOMY is the true source of independence and thrift. This is the hard lesson for our people to learn. The easiest and best way to accumulate is to stop expenditures. Learn to do without many things which you have heretofore regarded as necessities. Particularly never live beyond your income. Live now so that if a better time comes in

the future, you will at least be even and ready to enjoy it. If you draw upon that better time in advance, you take away the pleasure it would bring and cloud both the present and future. He only is free who has learned to live within his income.—*Golden Rule.*

What is the bearing of a daily cross to the wearing of an eternal crown? What are sufferings here compared to rejoicings hereafter? What is the toil of to-day when we think of the rest of to-morrow? What the grief of to-night, when joy expectant cometh with the morning? What is death now, in anticipation of immortality? Trial, pain, labor, sorrow and death all have their opposites, for the law of compensation is immutable.—A. W.

KIND WORDS.

NEW YORK., MAY, 1890.

THE MANIFESTO is perfectly healthy.

MRS. J. W. SCHERMERHORN

SOUTH UNION, KY. JUNE, 1890.

ELDER HENRY;—Thanks for the advance sheets of MANIFESTO; hope you may do so again. It is now a part of our meat and drink as well as a benefit to the world at large. It is not only interesting, but instructive.

H. L. EADS.

Deaths.

Amy Slater, at North Family, Union Village, Ohio., May 28, 1890. Age 85 yrs. 10 mo. and 26 days.

Sister Amy has been a bright and shining light in Society for eighty years. C. C.

Eldress Harriet Storer, at Enfield, Ct., June 6, 1890. Age 73 yrs. 4 mo. and 6 days.

For more than sixty-five years, Eldress Harriet has lived with Believers, and has ever been loyal to the cause, true to her friends and faithful and conscientious through her whole life. She was dearly beloved by all, and we shall sadly miss her wise, cheerful and well-timed remarks.

S. C.

WELCOME SUMMONS.

"Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life."—Rev. ii., 10.

CANTERBURY, N. H.



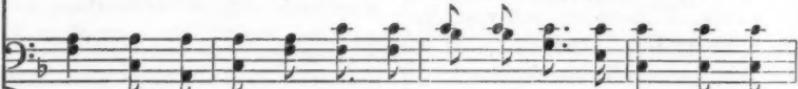
Fel-low trav-eler, bound for Zi - on, Go re - joic - ing on your way; Fal -



ter not in time of tri - al, Nor make the least de - lay. Though the



cross may be heav - y, And life's bur - dens weigh you down; It will



light - en, yoke grow eas - y, As in life dai - ly worn. And a



WELCOME SUMMONS.



crown in heaven a - waits you, Glo - rious prize that you have won, Where the



wel-come sum-mons greets you, "En - ter in, your work 's well done." Oh,



the glo - ry of the meet - ing, On the bright ce - les - tial shore! And



the rap - ture of the greet-ing, By the saints who 've gone be - fore!



Books and Papers.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND SCIENCE OF HEALTH for June has in its Contents, Dr. Joseph Hurford, the veteran Phrenologist; Studies from Lavater; Notable People of the Day, with illustrations of Major Gen. Crook and Thomas Dixon, Jr.' Practical Phrenology; Sketches of Phrenological Biography, with a portrait of George Combe; Child Culture, with articles on Being in the Right; Natural Training; Children of Arabia; Education as an Investment and Little Stomachs. Science of Health, etc., etc. Fowler and Wells Co., 775 Broadway, N. Y.

THE NATIONALIST, for June has Birth of Industrial Co-operation; The Dismal Science; Ambition the Ruling Incentive; The Southern Question; The Mask of Hypocrisy; Nationalism and Personal Liberty; Our Destiny, etc., etc. The Nationalist Educational Association, 77 Boylston St. Boston, Mass.

EVERY reader of Col. Bundy's valuable paper, the Religio-Philosophical Journal, will appreciate the improved changes that have been made in its form, as well as in the beautifully, neat appearance of the whole paper by the acceptance of a "fine, new dress." As an able and fearless advocate in the spiritualistic field, the Journal comes to us as a welcome friend. It is a knowledge of the truth of spiritualism that we appreciate and the man who gives that to his readers is a benefactor to the race.

MODERN CHANGES IN LITERATURE.

THE working author, he whose ink is bread, recognizes more than ever before the commercial side of literature as a most potent factor in his work, says a writer in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. There was a time, and not so long ago, when authors could write for pleasure, when competition was not so keen, and their productions were certain of acceptance in certain channels. Everything they wrote

was acceptable because they wrote it, upon the argument that they had cut out for themselves a certain constituency which hailed anything from their pen, good, bad and indifferent. Two or three authors often constituted the resources of a magazine. All this has changed. No writer, however strong or popular, can carry the subscription list of a magazine in his or her pocket. Variety is the order of the day. The magazine which gives the greatest variety in a single issue is the one most bought and enjoyed. "I do not care for a magazine," said a literary woman recently, "in which I know before I open its pages, exactly what writers I shall find in it," and in that remark lies the key to the modern literary taste. One beneficial effect which this tendency is undoubtedly having, is the doing away with cliqueism in periodical literature. In fact, it cannot be truthfully said of one prominent magazine to-day, as it could as late as a year ago, that it is "cliquey." Editors fully recognize the necessity of continually presenting a different array of writers, and thereby securing a variety of style and thought. To the old writers who have been accustomed for years to write for a single periodical this new order of things is disastrous in one respect, but for the whole school of modern writers it is a decided advantage.

THE ANTI-INFIDEL LIBRARY. This is a serial issue of live, vigorous pamphlets, issued by H. L. Hastings, 47 Cornhill, Boston, Mass., dealing with modern infidelity in a most readable and trenchant style. The numbers contain from 32 to 160 pages, bound in strong manilla covers, as durable as cloth, costing 5, 10, 15, 20, and 25 cents each. The whole library is sent to any address for \$2.50, and will furnish sufficient equipment with which not only to meet the ordinary assaults of skeptics, but also to carry the war into Africa, and give infidels something to think of which they never thought about before. These publications have the heartiest commendations of leading ministers and laymen of all denominations throughout the English-speaking world.

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THE MANIFESTO.

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE for May opens with an article on Mr. Howells by Hamlin Garland. The remarkable change in spirit and purpose which marks Mr. Howells later novels, especially *A Hazard of New Fortunes*, is what is chiefly dwelt upon, and Mr. Garland's socialistic inclinations lead him to write with the warmth which would be expected. The article is accompanied by a new portrait of Mr. Howells. A new portrait of George Kennan faces a stirring poem entitled "Tara," in which Mr. Allen Eastman appeals to the world of good men to rise in protest against the Siberian outrages. Mr. William M. Salter, in a brief article on Ethical Politics, urges especially the divorce of municipal affairs from party considerations. The principal illustration article in this number is a bright account, by Elizabeth Walling, of a March journey in a runabout along the Massachusetts North Shore, the paper abounding with interesting bits of antiquarianism and gossip about Beverly, Manchester, Magnolia and Gloucester. A beautifully illustrated article on "Some Old Dorchester Houses," by Mrs. Marion A. McBride, is also full of pleasant antiquarianism, and shows how finely some of our fathers housed themselves; we suggest that some of our modern architects and decorators look lessons from the article. Mrs. Nina Moore Tiffany contributes another of her series of the Fugitive Slaves, and there are other articles touching points of New England history—one on the Mashpee Indians; another, very opportune just at this time of the centennial celebration of the event, on "How Rhode Island received the Constitution." There is an article on the Cotton-gin, with portrait of Whitney and other illustrations; a curious article on "Dreams," by Horatio King; some unusually good love stories; and some poetry worth reading—which is saying not a little, as the magazines go nowadays. Mr. Hale contributes the customary installment of his bright "Tarry at Home Travel."

THE TWO SIDES OF THE SCHOOL QUESTION, by Cardinal Gibbons and Bishop Keane on the one side, and Edwin D. Mead and Hon. John Jay on the other.

From the Arnold Pub. Co., of Boston, Mass. Price 10 cents.

The careful perusal of this little pamphlet will richly repay any observant reader, as it embodies the beautifully chosen language of four eminent scholars, who in their awakened zeal are contending for the best interests of their chosen party. As this has become one of the vital questions of the day, it crosses the threshold of nearly every family and awakens more or less active thought for

the present and future welfare of our country, and indeed of our homes.

When our public schools become the subject of denominational controversy and the contestants are Catholic Christians and Protestant Christians, it is at once circumscribed within the narrow limits of creedal churches, and immediately assumes the character of a religious or holy (?) war.

In those countries where the civil power acts in concert with the religious power, they form the dominant party and rule all others, agreeably to their own will, and the people can neither teach, preach, pray nor sing only as they receive permission. In these schools a governmental religion is taught and all minor sects are ignored. From this sectarian influence arises the trouble that has grown in the public schools of the U. S. As our government rests on civil or judicial foundation, it should: Sphinx-like, neither smile nor frown on the religious faith of any class; and our public schools like our government is for the civil education of the pupils and should not be open to the promulgation of the religious dogmas of any sect.

The churches being the acknowledged educators of the multiplied shades of religious belief, can instruct their children in the catechism, agreeably to their own peculiar notions, and no one need to be disturbed, but a dominant religious body that carries the sword, whether ruled by the creed of the Catholic or of the Protestant, points unerringly, the recalcitrant, to the fires of Smithfield and to the loathsome dungeons of Salem.

Do not fail to send for the pamphlet and see what may be said about the public schools.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

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IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

Following in the line of the large English publishers who have opened Agencies to the United States comes the announcement that the Religious Tract Society of London are also about to establish a Depository in this country. Mr. Fleming H. Revell, (New York and Chicago), has been appointed sole Agent for the Society, and will supply both the wholesale and retail trade from both

points. The publications of the Religious Tract Society are by no means confined to "Tracts". On the other hand they are among the largest publishers in Great Britain of fine illustrated Gift Books, Works of Travel, Science, Healthly Fiction, and popular Juveniles, as well as most valuable Theological and Devotional Volumes.

Owing to the somewhat conservative policy of this Society in the past, their valuable issues have not been known in this country except to a very limited extent, but in literary worth and attractive style of production they are second to none. Fleming H. Revell, 12 Bible House, Astor Place, N. Y.

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